

Men who danced with the Queen did fair to rival in multitude the nurses of George Washington.

Before Count Zeppelin makes a success of his aerial ship he will have to remodel it. He now confesses that he cannot make it fly.

Since Spain lost her colonies she has turned her attention to sugar beet culture, thus her home industries have been benefited by her losses abroad.

The muster roll of one of the companies of Concord Minute Men, once offered to the town of Concord for \$25, was sold in Boston the other day for 10 times that amount.

The popularity of Earl Roberts is likely to restore the goatie to favor on masculine chins in England. It fell into disuse after cavalier days and stayed out until Louis Napoleon returned it to vogue.

The Adirondack guides have struck against the danger of the modern small bore rifle in the woods. This weapon sends bullets far beyond necessary range, and should be barred from the forest, where it is likely to kill people who are out of sight.

Professor Lee, the well-known astronomer, seems not to put much faith in the sun, as he has calculated that in the next 3,000,000 years it will freeze to death. This is sad, if true, but there should be some interesting American to invent something, if only another sun, with which to avert the calamity.

English girls are growing so tall, thanks to athletics and an outdoor life generally, that Lady Violet Greville expresses alarm for the future of the sex if they continue to increase in stature. Even now they dominate the men in height to such an extent that they are correspondingly diminishing their matrimonial chances.

The habit of considering the Mormon church as essentially an establishment of Utah in the far west is rudely broken by news of 1000 converts reported to the conference of the southern states within the past year. This conference covers Ohio, Kentucky, Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould (who among other interesting things wrote the "Onward, Christian Soldier") hymn which Sullivan set to music) is credited with being the most prolific of English authors, the British Museum showing 140 titles in its catalogue under his name. Andrew Lang comes next with 130 and Dr. Furnival, who won a boat race at 75, is third with 120.

It is noticed in England that penmanship is rapidly deteriorating, even among clerks who have ample leisure and opportunity for good work with the pen. One of the busiest of Americans, Thomas A. Edison, writes rapidly in a hand that is described as "like copper-plate, every curve fully formed and distinct." This expertness is a survival of the inventor's early experience as a telegraph operator.

According to a recent writer on "Municipal Baths in England and the United States," out of 304 towns in England and Wales one-third maintain one or more of these establishments. Of these 45 have a population less than 40,000. The loans sanctioned for the purpose in the last 12 years amount to over \$7,000,000. In the United States, out of 17 of its largest cities, municipal baths are found in only seven of them, aggregating 12 establishments, as against 75 in London alone. Chicago has four free public baths, Boston two and San Francisco one. New York's free floating baths are for summer use only.

It looked at one time as if the international marrying fad would never die out, but if reports are true it may soon go the way of the bicycle craze. It is stated that but two English dukes remain in the matrimonial market, and neither of them can be considered eligible, one being almost a lunatic and the other an invalid. International marriages have not, as a rule, been prolific of much happiness to the brides. Money and titles cannot guarantee happiness. The titles have a glamor for a certain class of rich people, but as an investment they often bring loss of money with misery than they do wealth and happiness. A contented person is rich and happy. The American girl does not make any mistake by fitting herself to become the wife of a sober, industrious and well-educated American. By marrying in her own social sphere her chances of happiness are 100 fold better than if she marries out of it abroad.

There were no speeches at Verdi's grave. There are no orators who could have put into words what the silence said.

The agitation of the question of public ownership of franchises has added at least one new word to the vocabulary—municipalization.

Clarence Mackay has ordered in Paris a \$17,000 automobile "to beat anything in America." American inventors and manufacturers may have something to say about this.

It is a fact of disagreeable significance that one out of every 300 people living in New York state is an inmate of either a private or public hospital for the insane. We seem to be living in a too cerebral age.

The ornithologists of Great Britain and America have just finished a spirited discussion which has lasted for more than a year as to which is the largest bird that flies. The prize has been awarded to an American bird, the great condor of the Andes. The second prize has been given to the fierce harpy eagle of the Philippines.

The length of a generation is usually considered 30 to 35 years. A statistician has recently worked out records of eight generations in New England starting with 1637 and he finds the average length just about 33 1-3 years, making three generations to the century. It is conceded that for other races or countries the figures might be different.

A nation that is fettered by having one man in every 80 a soldier cannot hope to keep industrial and commercial pace with one that is free, having only one in 800 a soldier. It is to a reform of their own domestic systems that European powers would best look for relief and for prosperity, and not to mere antagonism against the successful rival whose success is in great part due to the fact that it has avoided the evils which they have cherished, observes the New York Tribune.

Pennsylvania is a wonderful state. Its manufacturing interests are diversified and cover every article of human consumption from the raw to the manufactured. In this state, power and transmission reaches over 1600 good, live, wide-awake, growing concerns of a rating, according to the best commercial agencies of \$25,000 or over. They are all users of machinery, and the constant orders for supplies must be something marvelous. Did you ever stop to think that in Pennsylvania there are nearly as many factories as are contained in that part of the United States lying west of the Mississippi river?

There is still a queen in England. Alexandra, the queen consort, so long known as the Princess of Wales, is possessed of an exceptionally good measure of that gracious quality known as "the wisdom of the heart," and there is no doubt that her popularity will be only little less great the world over than was that of her illustrious predecessor. The influence of the reigning sovereign in Great Britain must, generally speaking, be exerted indirectly—that is to say, it is a social rather than a political force. King Edward's winning and ingratiating consort is splendidly endowed for the position of a royal helpmate.

The peppermint-oil crop was the leading feature in some neighborhoods of central New York a few years ago, and brought more money into the hands of the farmers than did the apple crop. But now the peppermint crop is mostly a thing of the past in that section, and the mint stills are kept in operation by the crop of a few acres near them. The beet-sugar crop has driven the mint crop westward, for the farmers find it more profitable to raise sugar beets. Ten years ago every community in central New York had a resident who was getting rich by stilling mint, but these same mills are now falling into disuse.

Cutting a slice out of Western Florida to be annexed to Alabama, in order that the heavy exporters of the latter state may more readily control their shipments of timber, coal and iron through the fine port of Pensacola, is a fascinating project of commercialism which is now engaging the attention of influential citizens along the Eastern Gulf coast. The two state legislatures must agree, and congress must thereafter consent—conditions which thus far have proved insuperable obstacles to the consummation of the scheme. But business, which high authority has declared to be "stronger than law," may be also stronger than ancient state boundaries.

SERPENTS OF SALVATION.

The Ordeal of a Night in a Texas Cabin.

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

It was partly noble and heroic self-abnegation which prompted MacIntosh to constitute himself the saviour of Barclay; but it was also partly hope of winning the hundred which the rest of the mess put up and which would enable him to pay, by several months sooner than he would otherwise have done, for the carved ivory crop, the silver spurs, and the gold cross-sabres, and other trifles of the sort that he had bestowed upon Miss Cunningham in happier days. This is the pure metal of our finest actions ever combined in the coining with base alloy.

MacIntosh had been in love with Miss Cunningham for some time, and was so still, though now he had nothing to hope. He had had reason to believe at one period of the negotiations that he found favor in her sight. Then Barclay had come upon the scene, with pull, prospects, and exceeding good looks, and from the moment that he presented himself as a rival for the notice of Miss Cunningham, MacIntosh began to lose heart, realizing that, besides being far less blessed in personal appearance than the other, he had nothing to expect in the future beyond promotion and foggies, in the natural course of death and years.

He put his faith to the test however, and when it proved definitely adverse, he did not go into the world embittered and scowling at Barclay, and making a spectacle of himself generally. He even continued to put the horses of his troop at Miss Cunningham's disposal, though now she rode no more with him. Yet, for all that, he himself would have been more than human had he not experienced a certain secret satisfaction at seeing one placed there—and that by Barclay himself. This thing came to pass surprisingly soon, and in the following manner.

Barclay and his lady had a quarrel one day, and, whether it was a relapse to habits of his past life (for Barclay was a civil appointment) or whether it was merely to drown despair, certain it was that the lieutenant hired himself down to the officers' room and drank more than was good for him—considerably more. This was, of course, in the old days, as many as 25 years ago, before the service down to the last, least commissioned officer, had reformed. Then, finding perhaps that though naughty, whiskey—even sutler's whiskey—was nice, Barclay took to drink regularly and all at once; and for a period of several months, except when he was on duty, never drew a sober breath. His brother officers shook their heads in decent sorrow and said that the poor fellow was going the way of many a better man—since it is always the brightest who have gone before us, and the dullest who are left behind.

Now there is one thing which every one has probably observed regarding the man who is in his cups the best part of the time, which is, that besides being the special care of Providence, the war department looks after him tenderly, and his wife is generally his adoring slave.

Miss Cunningham was not Barclay's wife as yet, to be sure, but she would have liked to be, so it came to pretty much the same thing, and in proportion as his vice took stronger hold upon him, he took stronger hold upon her heart. Then her parents interfered, and what with their opposition and menaces, and Barclay's entreaties and promises of amendment after each new fall, the poor girl had a very bad time. Every one was sorry for her. The older officers got at Barclay and pointed to hideous examples of what his end would be, and to the graves of youths and of old men, who had done as he was doing, which dotted the face of Texas and of the territories in general. Barclay was sorry, sincerely sorry. He pledged himself to reform—and straightway sinned again.

And there, where all others had failed, MacIntosh stepped in and achieved success. He had been off on a hunting leave, and had got back to the post just in time to report and dress and go over to the mess. Barclay belonged to the mess, but he was not there, and MacIntosh, looking around, asked where he might be.

"Sick," said the adjutant laconically.

"Meaning—"

"Exactly so."

MacIntosh opined that it was a confounded shame, and worse, and some one else suggested that it would not matter so much if the absent one were only killing himself, but that he was killing Miss Cunningham as well.

"I don't know," objected MacIntosh; "Barclay's a pretty decent sort himself—"

"Which," interrupted the adjutant, "is both magnanimous and true."

"And"—continued MacIntosh, unheeding—"and there are fellows who could be a lot better spared. As far as I've observed this is his only fault."

The adjutant was of the opinion that he made up for a good many lesser ones with it, and that it was one, moreover, which might not be cured.

"Oh!" said MacIntosh, more by way of offering opposition than from conviction, "I don't know about that."

The others asked if he had ever heard of a bona-fide case of reform where there had not been a back-slide.

"Of course," they argued, "fellows have been known to go on the water-wagon, and to turn over a new leaf, and all that when there was a girl in view. Any man, nearly, will swear off

said Barclay, his voice breaking and high between rage and sheer scare, "get that candle and look, if you don't believe me."

MacIntosh went for the candle, walking circuitously to avoid something coiled and beginning to stir, and thereby disturbing yet one more, which rattled, too.

Barclay turned around with a spring. "Perhaps you didn't hear that?" he demanded.

"Hear what?" asked MacIntosh, patiently.

He brought the candle, and Barclay took it in his hand and put it almost at the raised and darting head of a rattler. "Maybe you don't see now," he triumphed.

MacIntosh felt like dancing as the thunderfoot does when the cowboy shoots at the floor beneath his feet. He wondered if his and Barclay's leggings and boots were surely fang-proof. His teeth clicked together, but he only reached out and took the candle away. "Come to bed, old fellow," he insisted, once more; "you'll be all right by daylight."

The sympathy of his tone worked Barclay to frenzy. He got into the middle of the room, fairly staggering. The candle, held high in MacIntosh's hand, threw a circle of vague light, and in the circle were no less than eight snakes—some coiled some moving, some raising evil heads, some writhing away into the gloom beyond. "Do you mean to say you don't see those?" His hand swept an unsteady circle.

MacIntosh steeled himself, and said that he only saw the floor.

The other stared at him wildly for a moment, then gave a howl of terror that froze the blood in MacIntosh's temples and made him wish that he had left Barclay to go mad in his own chosen way. Horrible thoughts began to come to him of what would happen if the fellow were to go insane here in the midst of the desert, in a forsaken settlement with only hundreds upon hundreds of rattlesnakes everywhere.

"Get me out of this—oh, get me out of this!" pleaded Barclay, starting for the door and stopping short with a hiss of fright as a snake shot up its head and rattled. Then, in a patch of light which fell on the wall, a centipede, big and fat and long, began to crawl, slowly at first and more swiftly. His eyes fixed themselves upon it, glassy, and he stood perfectly still, his breath coming in sobs and gulps.

When the crawling thing had disappeared into a crack he turned deliberately about. His face showed livid and aged and lined. "On your word of honor, MacIntosh," he said, with painful quiet, "are none of those things here?"

"What things?" said MacIntosh. He looked forward over the seven or eight hours of darkness yet to come, and wondered whether he or Barclay would go mad first, or if not that, then which would first be stung. But there was no way out of it now, no way but to make an eternal enemy, a fool of himself, and a fizzle of the whole attempt, not to speak of losing his bet. Besides, he was doing a good act.

So he got Barclay up on top of the bar, and he lit one candle as another burned out, and all through the night he kept alternately poking up the snakes and insisting that there were no snakes there, the while he laid quieting hands on the trembling form and looked about him to see that no centipede or scorpions should come near. He could have given Dante and Milton points.

But when morning approached he led Barclay, a broken, quivering man, out into the empty street, and caught the horses and saddled them, while Barclay sat huddled on the ground. As the day began to break he turned to him. "Would you like to go back, now that it's lighter, and see for yourself that there was nothing in there?" he asked. If Barclay were to accept, it would spoil the whole thing probably, but that had to be chanced.

"No," said Barclay, and smiled wanly. "I'll take your word for it. Only just get me home."

So they mounted and turned back by the road they had come, for it had got beyond all question of Barclay's handling a gun. As the sun rose, however, his courage rose also, inch by inch. And at last he spoke in quite a normal way, so that MacIntosh drew a long breath of relief. "See here, MacIntosh," he said, "I'll make a bargain with you. If you'll never tell this on me, I'll never take a drink again."

And he kept his word, and MacIntosh was happy all around. Barclay and Miss Cunningham were married and lived happily evermore. But Barclay ascribed his reformation to his own power of will. Miss Cunningham to her influence over him, and the others were divided between these two views.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

A Wise Answer — A Chapter of Horror
Typical of What is Occurring at the Opening of the Christian Twentieth Century—Pitiful Sights in Police Courts

"How near could you drive without falling to the edge of a precipice, say?"
Asked a master of yore when engaging a man to be coachman one day.
There was more than one applicant waiting.
And hoping to fill up the place.
The first that was questioned made an answer.
He should want but a yard or two's space.
Then the second, who wished to outrival This boast, and to show off his skill,
Said he'd drive within a few inches Of a crack or precipitous hill.
But the third said when asked, "I can't tell, sir,
For you see 'twould be with me like this,
I should try to keep far enough from it,
And make sure that I safety don't miss."

And the master commended this answer,
Saying, "You are the servant for me;
For myself, and my friends, and my horses."
Will be safe in your hands I can see."
The story is old, but the moral
It teaches is fresh as the May;
And the man who would trifle with danger,
Is the man who is loser to-day.
Strong drink! What a precipice awful,
That hides—yea, in spite of its glow;
Its terrors more dark and more fatal
Than the climbers of Alpine heights know.
And woe alas! still men seem trying
To get close to its edge as they can;
Though avoiding it wholly and fully,
Is the wise and only safe plan.
And he will be gainer and winner
Who follows the steps of the one
Who believed, for himself and for others,
It were better all dangers to shun.
—Faith Chiltern.

The Fruits of the Saloon.
A year ago we published in the Advocate the following statement of City Magistrate Clarence W. Mead, made by him from the bench:

"There are seven police courts in the Borough of Manhattan. Take run away and I am certain that two courts will be sufficient to do all the work."
A few days later the New York Press printed a most pitiful story, that of a man utterly given over to drink, and who had drawn his fifteen-year-old son down with him, until the pair stole a horse to get the money to buy liquor. The father took the proceeds of the theft and went on a long debauch, and the son arraigned in the police court begged to be sent to the Elmira or some other reformatory in order that he might be freed from the life to which his drunken father had brought him.

A still more sickening sight is reported by the Philadelphia Press as having been witnessed in a police court of that city. Three sisters, the eldest but twenty years of age, stood before Magistrate South with bitter smiles on their faces recently while their old mother was sent to prison.
Ella Callahan, the eldest, was asked to testify.

"Ella! Ella!" said the old woman, half tenderly, "you ain't going to leave your mother sent to jail?"
"Why not?" said the girl, bitterly.
"What else are you good for?"
"My girl!" said His Honor, remonstratively.

"I mean, Judge," said Ella, "if she was put into a dungeon, where she would never see daylight, I'd be thankful. As far back as I can remember she was always getting drunk. She's made me cry with shame more times than I want to remember. It's been a terrible thing, not only to me, but to my sisters, the young girls there, Judge."

She pointed to Mary and Anastasia Callahan, the first seventeen years old, the other a slender girl of fifteen.
"When we were little children," she continued, "mother was drunk so often that we were sent to St. Joseph's Home, in Spruce street. The Sisters of Charity were very good to us. They brought us up well, and we've always kept respectable. I've been working with Mrs. Riley at 910 North Forty-eighth street, more than ten years, and the other girls have worked and we helped to keep a home at 1031 Winter street. We tried hard to get our mother to stop drinking, but she wouldn't."

"Then the girl began to sob.
"Do you want my sisters to testify?" asked Ella.
"No, I've seen enough," said His Honor. "I'll send her to the House of Correction for a year."

And these things are done at the opening of the twentieth century in a so-called Christian country. Yet who cares?—New York Temperance Advocate.

The Bosscheter Temperance Sermon.
The Bosscheter case is ended. Public spirit, based on newspaper publicity, has secured justice to the criminals. Public sympathy, expressed through newspapers, has found employment and a living for the murdered girl's sister.
The unfortunate victim lies in her grave. In another grave—the prison of the State—the four murderers are confined to spend long years of regret.
There remains of the case now but a memory—and a moral.

That moral is a temperance sermon. It is short, and, for that reason, good. Here it is:
In their prison life the men will be deprived of alcohol, three of them for twenty years, one of them for ten years.
Temperance will be forced upon them.
Had they chosen a temperate life of their own accord, not one of them would have known prison life.
The crime would not have been committed.
Drink made murderers of those four men.
And, sad as it is to say, drink was the indirect cause of the unhappy young woman's death.
The poison that killed her was in one of the drinks accepted at the invitation of her murderers.
Drink made the four men murderers, and drink made the woman a victim.—San Francisco Journal.

Drama in Four Acts.
How many young men who are actors in the first part of this drama have ever rehearsed or thought the parts they may take in the last three acts?
Act I.—Before the bar of the saloon.
Act II.—Before the bar of the court.
Act III.—Before the bar of the prison.
Act IV.—Before the bar of God.
—Christian Standard.

The Crusade in Brief.
The war on intemperance in France is getting warmer.
When a man blushes for hard drinking the effort concentrates itself in the middle of his face.
Cincinnati is now claiming to be the greatest whisky market in the world. The wholesale trade there announces that the year will be the heaviest the city has ever had.
The Congressional Committee brought out some facts in regard to the West Point Military Academy which shows that liquor is consumed among the students in large quantities.